

Waiting Years

By VICTOR REDCLIFFE

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"He has surely come to take Miss Duane away from us," whispered Alma Boyce, as she and Virginia Tracy, her fellow-stenographer in the office of Rudd & Mowbray, stood guardedly looking past the half-open door of the inner office of which Miss Duane was in charge.

"Mr. Woodson is certainly very nervous, if not agitated. Just watch him, Alma."

The object of their curiosity was certainly restless, if nothing more.

Everybody about the office liked Vincent Woodson and there was a reason for it since he was at peace with himself and all the world, and sought to brighten the destinies of all with whom he came in contact. Only a month previous Woodson had left the service of Rudd & Mowbray, by whom he had been employed for over five years.

"The wonder of it," a friend had said, "Woodson is the kind of man who sticks to a position even if it is not the most lucrative in the world. I guess the oracle, though."

"What is that?" was inquired.

"Miss Duane. He has been asking her to marry him for the past two years and could never bring her to the point of acquiescence. The fact is, while not ambitious at thirty, Miss Duane looks at the practical side of life, and I am told has insisted that Woodson have a home for her and all paid for before she will consent to give up a surety—earning her own living."

"And that is why Woodson has changed his position, in the hopes of earning a better salary?"

"That only, for my misses being in her company every day."

All this was true, and now after a brief lapse of time early one morning before the office had settled down to duties for the day Woodson had appeared, groomed as if for a banquet and looking exceedingly prosperous. He was truly nervous, for his fate would depend upon what Miss Duane might say upon this, the most auspicious occasion of his life. For he had come with a purpose. She must at once decide to become his wife, or he would abandon the dream of the years, and sink into disappointment and despair.

Miss Duane read something very new and animated in the honest face of the man she respected and esteemed as she entered the office. It lacked five minutes of time to start work. Woodson pointed to a chair and a trifle fluttered Miss Duane sank into it.

"You have something to tell me?" she said.

"Yes," nodded Woodson nervously, "and I hope it will please you. I have fallen heir to a little estate, Marcella; I have a home to offer you at last. Will you accept it?"

His voice was anxious and unsteady. As to herself a slightly heightened color crossed Marcella's face and her breath came more quickly. Woodson had extended a photograph of a tree and bush surrounded by a cottage, humble enough, but with a wealth of floral beauty surrounding it. A passing shade of disappointment was expressed in the eyes of Marcella, but as she regarded the earnest, longing face of this sincere, true-hearted man who had waited for her and loved her patiently, loyally through the years, she placed her hand in his own.

"Is it all your own?" she asked.

"Yes, mine, and something better. Dare I hope?"

"It's settled!" cried Alma Boyce gleefully.

"Yes; I guess there is no doubt that we shall soon have a wedding," said Virginia with rapt anticipation.

It was two months later when the ceremony transpired. Alma and Virginia were invited. Miss Duane had given up her position. The girls were asked to accompany Woodson and Marcella to their new home.

It was fifteen miles from the city and the wedding party started out in automobiles. They knew they were nearing it as the pilot machine slowed up. It was before the cottage depicted in the photograph.

"It is charming," pronounced Marcella, and yet it was more diminutive and modest than she would have preferred.

"Oh, this is only the gardener's lodge," said Woodson with affected lightness of tone, and he hastened on to come in view of a grand mansion in the center of the estate. "I wished to surprise you. This is our real home."

"You do not mean—"

"That the fortune I have inherited is a very substantial one," answered Woodson. "It is all your reward for waiting for me, for loving me, for greeting the humbler sphere that I first presented."

It was a grand climax to an auspicious day. As to Virginia and Alma, they experienced one thrill of delight after another, as they accompanied the happy bride and groom to the ideal home that had become their own. Amid the beautiful winding paths of the lovely estate Marcella and Woodson wandered hand in hand after their guests had departed.

"Oh, Vincent! It is like some beautiful dream," murmured Marcella.

"It is our haven of joy after all the years," replied Woodson, gratefully and with tenderness.

Word With Many Meanings.

The term "tonnage" in the shipping business has five meanings, according as it refers to deadweight, cargo, gross, net or displacement tonnage.

Five Minute Chats on Our Presidents

By JAMES MORGAN

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ASSASSINATION OF GARFIELD

1881—March 4, James A. Garfield, inaugurated 20th president, aged fifty.

Mar. 23, sent to senate the nomination of federal officers in New York City. May 16, the senate confirmed the nominations. May 17, Senators Conkling and Platt resigned. July 2, Garfield shot by Charles J. Guiteau at Washington.

Sept. 6. Removed to Elberon N. J., Sept. 19, died, aged fifty.

1882—June 30, Guiteau hanged.

JAMES A. GARFIELD fell a sacrifice to the spirit of faction and of the spoils system. Although this gentle, kindly man was not of the heroic stuff that martyrs are made of, his blood became the seed of better things in our politics.

Rarely if ever has a president taken up the burden of the office with a larger measure of good will from the people, regardless of party and of faction, than flowed out to Garfield as he stood on the steps of the capitol in the sunshine of his inaugural day, the picture of robust American manhood in its prime. His first kiss, after kissing the Bible in the presence of a multitude of witnesses, was for the aged mother, who, in a forest hut, had started him on his way to the White House and who held a place of honor beside the schoolmate sweetheart who had been his faithful companion all along the road.

"One thing though lackest thou," said that is a slight ossification of the heart," John Hay had written to the president-elect. This lack was fatal. Had his heart been harder, Garfield



Lucretia R. Garfield.

would have made his administration wholly his own, lifting it above factions, and he might have lived through a prosperous term. Instead, he remained his few months in the White House what he had been in congress, a lieutenant of Blaine, whom he appointed to the secretaryship of state—"with the love of a comradship of eighteen years"—and who became at once the power behind the throne.

The only president to step directly from the capitol to the White House, he was without executive experience or tastes. His whole training had been to debate and compromise, not to act or decide on his sole responsibility.

Garfield himself was rather indifferent to factions, liking to get along with all men. He appreciated Conkling's reluctant but timely support in the campaign and invited him out to Mentor in the winter to talk over the New York patronage. He thought of inviting him into the cabinet itself, until Blaine whispered no.

Less than three weeks after he took his seat, Garfield told the senator that he was not yet ready to consider the question of filling the New York offices. Only 48 hours afterward, he filled them, nominating for the highest of those offices Blaine's best friend and Conkling's worst enemy in New York.

With Garfield's hand, Blaine had thrown down the gauntlet to the haughty chieftain of the "Stalwarts" clan and a duel of factions was on in blind fury. The administration succeeded in beating Conkling in the senate, where he opposed the confirmation of the offensive nominee. But the senator and his colleague, Thomas C. Platt, resigned their seats and appealed to the New York legislature to re-elect them as a vindication of their course.

When the conflict was bitterest and when the "Stalwarts" were losing at Albany, a disappointed place hunter at Washington, Charles J. Guiteau, conceived the mad idea of saving the situation with a pistol shot, and he posted himself at the railway station, where his victim was to take a train for Massachusetts. The president was going back to Williams college, the goal of his struggling youth, and was smiling like a boy off for a vacation as he entered the waiting room at the railway station with Blaine at his side. In two flashes of a revolver he fell.

Doesn't Seem to Jibe.

"Hats were not worn by the students," says a headline. Recalling a number of hats we have seen, we are sure there must be some mistake about this headline.

In Time of Need

By T. B. ALDERSON

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Gordon Keith had made a serious misstep in life and no one at Riverville knew of it except Hugh Duane. Strange to say, too, the latter, fully aware of the details of the matter, had taken Keith first into his employ and then had made him a partner in the bank.

Duane had advertised for a bank clerk in a periodical devoted to banking interests and Keith had come by train to Riverville to apply for the position.

Duane was very greatly impressed with the candidate and was deeply surprised when the latter told him frankly that he had just finished a two years' term in a Canadian penitentiary. He had confessed to the law the crime of entering a forged note to secure money, to save a close friend, who was himself the culprit. When he had finished all the details Gordon Keith extended his hand.

"I believe in you; I trust you; I take you into my employ," said this warm-hearted, sympathetic man. "You were driven to your error by a situation even I could not have resisted under the circumstances. Let this never be alluded to again. I will be your lifelong friend if you deserve it."

"I shall deserve it," declared Gordon Keith solemnly. He kept his word. So valuable did he become in building up the bank clientele, so straightforward in all his dealings that three years later he was given a one-third interest in the institution. It was Keith who secured the exclusive sale at a high commission of some utility bonds and through several large realty deals and the capital of the bank, and his personal share of the profits represented a small fortune.

Duane wondered what Keith did with his gains, but never asked him about them. Either he kept them locked up in his private safe or invested them in securities in the city. One thing he did not do—that was to waste his money in extravagance. Keith continued to live at the bare minimum of expense.

Mabel Duane was a girl of twelve when Keith first appeared in Riverville. Her mother had died and she was sent to a distant institution of learning, the president of which was a close friend. This meant a safe and congenial home for the young girl, and she came home very rarely. At length at eighteen she graduated and returned to her real home permanently. She had grown into a creature of rare beauty and grace, and as time went on Keith appeared to bloatize this fair, lovely being equally with her father. Every birthday or other occasion where it was possible Keith always bestowed upon Mabel some rich gift, so expensive in fact at times that Duane remonstrated with him.

"You will spoil her, Keith," he said, "and the money you spend on her would credit a millionaire."

"Oh, I have a very liberal surplus," Keith would say, quietly. "You know I am saving and economical, and you must not rob me of the greatest pleasure of my life."

There were times when Duane, noting that his daughter cared little for company outside of the family circle, and that she seemed to greatly cherish the little kindnesses and attentions of Keith, realized that a

close attachment might come about, for their ages were not unequal. He put the idea out of his mind, however, as he saw that both acted as though their companionship as dear friends met their desire entirely.

It was exactly eight years after Keith had become a partner in the bank that a period of general stringency spread over the country. One morning Hugh Duane arose to find the street about the bank thronged with alarmed depositors. There was also a run on two other institutions in the town and one of them at once closed its doors.

Mabel heard of the trouble and came down to the bank. She hurried at once to her father who was greatly agitated over the trouble that threatened, for it would be impossible to get all the ready cash needed from the city banks under twenty-four hours.

Keith's face brightened as Mabel came into the private office. He gave his partner an encouraging look and took Mabel's hand, gently and respectfully conducting her to his private safe.

"Now, dear little one, you open as I give you the combination."

The surprised girl followed his directions. Then Keith observed to his pale and startled partner as the safe door swung open:

"Help yourself, my dear friend. You will find my savings of years in there, ready for your use."

Mabel understood and retained her grateful clasp on the hand of the man who had saved the good name and the existence of the bank. As her eyes met those of Keith she lowered them instinctively and flushed.

It was the first encouragement of hope she had ever given him and his heart beat wildly. Then as Mr. Duane hurried with a box of cash to the outer bank, Keith drew Mabel closer to him.

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MARYLAND ORGANIZES STATE POLICE FORCE

The movement for better enforcement of the laws by state agency, which has resulted in the adoption of the State Police system in a number of states, has caused the formation of a modern force along the lines of the Pennsylvania constabulary in Maryland. This force is the outgrowth of the organization which has been used for highway patrol purposes and expert assistance has been rendered by officers loaned by other State Police forces.

It is cheering to note how, with a rapidity which denotes the soundness of the idea, state after state is adopting the State Police form of protection. Maryland is entering good company in joining the sister states which already have efficient and well-trained forces of this kind.

TROOPERS SERVE IN JUNCTION

Members of the Michigan State Police were recently called upon to serve an injunction upon the officials of eighteen railroads affected by the order of Judge Charles B. Collingwood restraining the steam railroads operating in this state from increasing their passenger rates above those now in effect.

Uncle Eben Says— "Children must be a heap smarter than once was. It's piffleky beautiful de way dey makes deir parents obey."



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